18 May 1919

With you remember to send me the name of the powder that Mary H. recommend.

Hotyoke

Sunday. 1919

Dearest,

I am so fuddled with conversation that I can hardly write an articulate letter — but I daresay you won't notice. All the people have come out of their holes & there is a general swarm. We've had Otoline, Lytton, & Roger, & Logan & Ray & Clive, & Adams & Armenians — & I don't know who; & we've just been lunching with the Webbs. I think your method of seeing people in the country is really better. Yesterday we talked from 1-30 to 7 without stopping. Roger appeared with Pamela & a Russian lady. Roger is a miracle. But I need not expatiate upon his powers, tho' I am a bit oppressed, after talking to Derain & seeing pictures all the morning. His incessant activities inspired me. But you want gossip. I put my foot into it by asking Logan to meet Otto Kiné; & then by asking Clive to dine here with Ray. Logan

centuries. Otolia the leader of Berlee; she: glowed
longed for a reconciliation scene in the moonlight under
the apple blossoms; but he refused. We had her alone.
We dined in the garden; & she was simple & frank:
I assure you this is true. No one will believe it.
Anyhow she was trying to: like an old snake
wriggling out of its skin. For example, she said
her hands were red. When I looked, I saw they were
not only red but very clumsy, with thick joints
into the bargain. But why did she say so unless in a
sudden spasm of honesty! And so with the rest.
She lamented her freckles & praised everybody. &
finally went off without her hat, which I have to
send after her: very queer she looked on the platform
with her short red hair standing on end, wrapped in
a great Spanish cloak, & striped blue & green
like the Cornish sea. But Oliver & Ray
was a worse business altogether. Oliver wanted us
to take him to a party at the Squires, to meet
Inez; indeed as it was hinted that I might
write Inez here. Loving my head, however, I
asked Ray instead; & though I have only my
own senses to go by, I can't help thinking that

the situation between them is now considerably strained. Ray is becoming more & more the public woman — flopping fat, untidy, clumsy, & making fewer enemies than ever to brilliancy, charm, politeness, wit, & manners, literature & to fourth — full of news upon Women's future of course; but, my God, of what the future what the present is.[2] To make matters worse, two semi-literate & very earnest Danes arrived on the same evening; & refused & go to the Squires, & so did the Ray; so Olivier went alone. & altogether I think the case of husband & wife who have no love for Each other, but still live together is an embittering spectacle. I rather think Ray is becoming tart under the perpetual presence of Olivier. But, for Gods sake, don't quote me — As I say, I'm so fuddled I can't write; then there was Logan, who is a very spruce man — he has a collection of the finest prose sentences in a little note book; & he chanted them aloud, & we had to guess the writers. But his real object in coming was to ask us to print some of his works. Indeed we are now besieged with manuscripts. But Logan says we shall never make a success on our present system; because no one buys privately printed books but collectors; & they will only buy expensive books: but if we charge 5/ or 10/- we shall have

a large sale, & be able to pay writers & painters; so
soon we get to go a round of the bookshops next week
carrying our wares. It sounds a little too American
to be altogether to one's liking; but I suppose we must.
Then by then came; he's doing a grand season, with
Cunards, Asquiths, & all the rest: completely happy;
still, he assures us his soul is untouched; & I
think it probably is. The food he says is wonderful;
& there is gold & silver plate; but the great ladies are
very discontented, & never know what they ought
to admire next. NYPL Then there was Violet—
her hair turned a hair; her dresses are exactly the
same, & all the Chacins & Langtry. She was very
charming & asked after you of course, & remembered
perfectly like you, was Quentin as charming as Lytton
ever, how was Duncan — but as she never looks,
it doesn't matter what one says: & her jumps
are as wild as ever. She had got lots of odds &
ends of Japanese embroidery, & coloured papers
as usual. But she has great merit I think.
We are coming to Askham about the 27th, I think,
for a week — shall I come for a night?
The agents want even answer, either in June or
Wonnetbine, so I daresay it's as well we took
Negotiation. Yr B.

HAMILL 12/29/69

June 4
1919

Hogarth
Wednesday

Dearest

We came back to find ourselves flooded with orders for Kew. This sold out, & orders are still coming in for more, so we must reprint at once. We think of having an edition of 300 printed for us, but this rather difficult to know how to do it. Would you like to undertake the whole thing? — not only woodcuts, but title page & text. I am going this afternoon to the printer you spoke of ent q who Sq^re to ask whether he could print it, in a week if possible. You would

~~The alternative is that we~~ perhaps be able to see him & give him full directions while you are in London.

The alternative is that we should employ Macdermott the printer here. We should have to direct him about the text; as I suppose you would be able to come & see him. But in that case could you get some printer

of your own to print your woodcuts as you liked, at our expense, & we could get Macdermott to bind them up with the text?

I think personally that it would be better if you could get the Soho man to do it the whole book from your instructions; but I don't know whether you would have time to do this. Also it is very important to get it done quickly.

NYPL

I don't think either that we could afford to pay you for supervising the printing, so that you mayn't think it worth your while. Almost all the orders are from book shops, & we have to give them the trade discount, which means that we shall make very little profit on the second edition. Would you ring me up tomorrow afternoon, as early as you can.

I enclose a cheque for £3. which is your share of the first edition

G B.

I'm sending this to the Stat on I don't think I'd get it at Chelsea.

HAMILL 12/29/69

June 4 1919

Clivé

Would you send this to Nesta?. I don't know whether she's staying at Sowden Sq. , or when she arrives, but I should be very grateful if you could convey it to her somehow as early as Fri you can.

V. W.

Hogarth.

Thurs Friday.

Dearest,

Perhaps Clive has forwarded my letter, but I had better repeat it. There has been a great rush for Kew Gardens & we have sold out the first edition & have orders for a great many more. I wrote to ask whether you would direct the printing of the new edition, which must be got ready at once. After writing to you, I went to Madley, Rogers printer, & asked him for an estimate for 500 copies. We have settled that he is to start printing at once — that is tomorrow. The question is, who is to instruct him? I showed him a copy your book, & rather to my pleasure, I admit, he said that in his opinion I had been quite right to place the first woodcut where I did, & that he would have done so himself. He also advised us not to change the spacing between Kew Gardens & the first paragraph, as he thought it was right. He thought he could improve the title page; but he said he didn't know whether the caterpillar woodcut wants moving up or down. Therefore, if this to be improved, I think someone must advise him. I told him, thinking you were coming, that you would instruct him both about the text & the woodcuts. I suppose Roger or Woolf would be ready to do this, & you would feel safer with them, so I have asked Roger to ring me me up, when he comes back, but he hasn't yet done so. We had 15

new orders this morning, & several letters asking why Copies had not been sent, so we must get Madley to work at once. I suppose, however, you've put off coming altogether. I will either get Rogers or Wolfe, or leave it entirely to Madley. He hasn't got our type exactly, but a smaller one, so that there would, he thought, be room to allow a whole page for the Caterpillar. Possibly you could mark on page the position of the print & wood cuts on your copy & send straight to Madley. His address is, Richard Madley, 151 Whitfield Street, Tottenham Court Rd. W. I. As we're having such a large edition, it would be a good thing to get it done properly according to your ideas. There's going to be a review in the Athenaeum, which may call more copies, I suppose; we have to spend all day binding copies & sending out.

NYPL

Yrs B.

I saw a house in Hewer on Monday & we've offered to buy it freehold for £300 - very old, small, but rather charming. however some one else is after it & has probably got it.

HRHRC 6/1/66

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1919

Hogarth

Wednesday.

Dearest,

Roger is a cunning old devil, he must have gone off & forgotten all about us. We took the law into our own hands, & told Madley to print off, & he said he would have to charge extra for the delay. He will send some copies to-morrow, & I will send you one. But O dear! — his fonts a cut all the covers crooked, some too large & some too small, & to add to my melancholy troubles I've had to pare down the books edges with a pen knife to fit them. But we complained, & perhaps the new lot will be better. All I mean is, a professional printer (but not an awfully infallible one you seem to think. Did you realise that it was your severity that plunged me into the recklessness of buying a house

that day? Something I must do to redress the balance, to give myself value in my eye, I said; & so I bought a house; the blood will therefore be upon your head. Did anyone ever suffer as I did? You might have seen my soul shrivelling like a — I cannot remember the image exactly, but it's something one does by rubbing a piece of sealing wax & then everything curls up — as if in agony. Not that there was any imagery about it in my case. But the immanent horror of my soul formed, as it were, a cream upon the surface. I survived. Now I suppose I must rapidly deliver myself of gossip. Well, I dropped in on Adrian & Karin the other night, to find them scrubbing their saucepans in the kitchen in rather a surly mood; but having done, they explained that they are now both about to become medical students at University Hospital. Maggie seems up philosophy, social reform, law, & all the rest of it; they're going into practice together as Psycho-analysts. Their

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went be of course for 5 years, but they think they
stand great chance of success, as man &
woman in combination ought to be
invincible. I suppose one'll whisper one's
symptoms to Adrian, & he'll believe them to
Karin; & then they'll lay their heads together.
Isn't it a surprising prospect? I see in it
another of Karen's gallant attempts to roll
her huge stone up the hill. But she is
brighter than ever. Her hat is now of the
shape of a Welshwoman's hat, only scarlet,
then her dress is sage green; & her
decorations many-coloured beads; & the
whole effect like that of some debauched
parrot who has been maltreated
by the street boys, but doesn't know it,
or only half suspects it, poor fowl.
Still, what am I to talk about matters
of fact? who indeed?

Any other piece of gossip was from Fredegond
& it may be discounted a little, about Alix
& James. James came to Fredegond in
an appalling state of fright. He
said that Alix was on the point of killing
herself. They had quarrelled over something

quite unimportant. Alix had lost her temper, said she would no longer live with him, that the strain was intolerable, & dismissed him for ever. He went to fetch Fredegond. Fredegond found her sitting on the edge of her bed, which had not been made, in a room strewn with old food & litter, sobbing. She was completely broken down. She could explain nothing. They got her to Chelsea, where she announced that the breach was final, & the Stoves persuaded her to go abroad. Carrington was sent for. Just before Carrington arrived, Jamy made his way in; there was a reconciliation scene; then, so far as I could gather, the same passions on Alix's part wanted again. Finally she was packed off to Denmark, where she still is, wasting reams of poetry, alone with Carrington. Fredegond brow-beamed James to some extent, but without great success. He will admit he's in love; in fact he denies that there's such a thing as being in love. Meanwhile, as Alix provides

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food & shelter. I suppose he'll keep his grip on her, in a muddled kind of way. Though he has come to such a pass, according to Fredegond, that either she'll break down or succumb entirely & for ever. For my part, I think that if there was a breach, James ought to have done his utmost to widen it. Still how is one to know the truth about anything?
For the present James is master of Gordon Square, & thinking of setting up a gas oven.

We shall be coming down for a week about the 26th or 27th., so I may see you. I'm a little nervous, not only of seeing you, but of hearing Lee and the Round House. I've rather forgotten what it's like. I will remember the features of Mr. Dolphin though — O dear, I must write a story about it. Kew jokes are selling at the rate of about 10 copies a day. We are flooded with manuscripts, & a young man has offered to help us in printing them. I think we shall have to set up a shop.
On Saturday I go to Farringdon: God knows why. Eliot is to be there. Hs. Murry were much abused in the Times for their works, & Murry a good deal depressed. By the way,

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would you like to let Charleston to Mary for the
months you don't want it? Katherine is going
abroad for a year, & Mary wants to live in
the country near Lewes if possible. I said I'd
look for a house, but of course there aren't any.

What a nice long letter! Its affection
partly, but also to remind you of the
necklace — though I'm not worthy v
necklaces, or of hats, & you'll find in future
that I never mention aesthetic subjects,
or ask for more than mute toleration.
I haven't got got the hat; but would you let
me know what I owe dear, doddering,
diving, Duncan. I'm sorry that I'm
sending Julian to school; he will have his
hair cut & wear a collar I suppose. v
& come he'll enjoy it immensely — besides
it's only a day school. But I do my
influence will be required not so much to
keep my nephews straight as to crookify
them.

Qv B.

NYPL

HARRIS 2/10/68

29 June 1919

1919

Sunday

Dearest,

It looks too bad to come for a picnic, so I'm sending this by Nelly. I might be able to come over for the night on Monday – if that suited you. We have just seen rather a good house at Rodmell, which is being sold on Monday. We are going to bid for it & if we get it we shall sell the house in Lewes. Do you think Roger would like to be told about it? If so, we would give him the first offer; someone else is said to want to buy it. At the sale in Monday afternoon in Lewes, I may be too late to catch the train in which case I'm afraid I shant see you, as we go back on ~~Tuesday~~ Wednesday.

I believe that Duncan, when he thought of buying the hut, got Powell or someone to bid for him: I should be very grateful if you would send a line by Welby to say if he thought this a good plan, & whom he employed. There is great competition apparently for the Rodmell house, & was thought of asking Wycherley to bid for us — but perhaps it's better to bid ourselves.

NYPL

Needless to say we should be very glad if you or Duncan or Maynard or the children or anyone would come over anytime — we've plenty of spare rooms. But I'll try to come on Monday — Now it seems clearing up — but it's this damned wind that makes sitting out so unpleasant. I must tell you about Farrington — what do I owe for my hat? The necklace broke last night. Could you put 2 strings? It would be angelic of you. B.

HAMILTON 12/29/65